

The Saturday Review

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1912.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Jasper's Note Book

Within a few hours the other day the Edmonton fire brigade responded to no less than seven alarms. Two of the fires were of a serious character in a district that has long been a source of considerable dread to the chief and his men, for the reason that all about are buildings that once they were in flames could easily form the nucleus of a conflagration that would sweep the greater part of the city. Yet the loss was not large, and the very unique record which Edmonton has for freedom from disastrous fires was maintained. But it is only by the most thorough organization and by constant watchfulness and discipline that we are spared heavy fire ravages. The city has done well to give Chief Davidson the support that he has had. It is not misplaced, and it is to be hoped that when on future occasions he comes forward with new requests he will be given the consideration that so energetic and intelligent a public servant is entitled to.

For with changing civic conditions, new and difficult problems will have to be faced. The great danger from fire loss appears to be when a community is hardly large enough to support the most efficient fire-fighting service, and again when with industrial and commercial growth the era of large buildings and congested population arrives. This week in our own province we have seen the business section of the flourishing town of Lacombe devastated for the second time in four years. Last week Chicago and Philadelphia suffered tremendous loss, accompanied by the sacrifice of many lives.

In the former city Fire Chief Horan and two others of his force were killed, and the members of the department were severely injured, in the struggle to save the town. The tributes that have been paid to the memory of Horan show that he had all the qualities of a great leader. He inspired devotion among his followers to a remarkable extent, and the story of his last fight is as thrilling and as inspiring as any that the annals of either war or peace has produced. Yet his name would have been an unfamiliar one to those outside his immediate field of operations if death had not come to him as he went about his work. Herein we note the disadvantage, so far as the winning of renown goes, that the heroes of peace labor under as compared with those whose feats are performed on the field of battle. The dangers that they face are in many respects more terrifying than those which the men under arms have to encounter. But till the fireman is engulfed in a burning building, the public takes little notice of what he is doing. It is all in a day's work for him.

The present generation has seen very great changes in the methods of fighting fire. It used to be that the brigades did much more harm than the fire itself. The old voluntary organizations invariably went in for spectacular performances and insisted on drowning out all fires, whether big or little. I well remember an occasion a quarter of a century ago when my father's business establishment caught fire during the night. He arrived on the ground before the brigade. The blaze was a small one and it was apparent that it could be handled with a few pails of water. He had all the doors locked and he and those with him got to work. When the firemen arrived, they were informed that their services were not required. But having laid their hose, they considered that they were in duty bound to deluge the premises and the hook and ladder men were smashing in an upstairs window when the chief was induced to call them off. They went on the theory that if the fire did not amount to anything, it should be assumed to do so, in order that their full energies might be called forth. The explanation of this policy is a simple one. The man whose property was protected was expected to make a donation to the volunteers. This was the excuse for a celebration which lasted over several days. It was accordingly in the interests of the brigade to make each blaze appear as serious as was possible.

All this, of course, indicates a very primitive state of affairs. But it is doubtful, if it appears any more so to us to-day than will the conditions that now exist to the generations that succeed us. The great change that is bound to come before long will not be in the direction of making fire-fighting agencies more efficient. In well-managed municipalities, these could not very well be more so. What must be attempted is to lessen the chances that fire will break out and secure a headway.

Mr. Croker, the chief of the New York Fire Brig-

ade, says that if he were given police powers to enforce the orders for prevention of fires, he could cut down the loss by fires in New York by 25 per cent. for the first year, and indefinitely more the second year. Most city fires, he says, are caused by rags and refuse; inside stairways, and dumb waiters spread most of them; while tall buildings more than anything else, hamper the fighting of fires. He would limit high buildings to about 85 feet, or seven stories. In this connection, Mr. Franklin H. Wentworth, secretary and treasurer of the National Fire Protection Association, has issued a warning that the possibility of a holocaust, the greatest in history, is always present in New York. He says there are at least a thousand factory buildings in New York so dangerous in case of fire that if the workers in them realized it they would refuse to enter. The fire waste each year in the United States is \$250,000,000, or \$500 a minute for every hour of the twenty-four hours in a day. As Mr. Wentworth reiterates, this affects everyone in a subtle as indirect taxation. "The trouble with us is," he says, "that we are overcome with the idea that the insurance companies pay this. They don't. How could they remain solvent? Insurance companies are

merely the collectors and distributors of this tax on the people, which is borne by all—rich and poor alike." This should be elementary, but evidently it is not. He might have added that there is a very considerable loss in the process which the public also bears, share and share alike. Mr. Wentworth finds in the present situation matter of psychological interest. The mind is number by the repetition of disastrous fires and also to ever-present danger. For instance, the huge sky-scrapers, where there is always possibility of fire rushing through the upper floors above where fire is readily available. The consequences would be appalling. Some of those buildings in New York have a population in office buildings and stores of a large sum, all of which is practically dependent on the elevators for exit. Matches are a frequent cause of fires. In Europe matches have defined places where they are kept, to which one must go if a match is wanted; but both in the United States and Canada, matches are often to be seen lying about in every room, and they are very generally kept loose in the pocket. A thousand fires were started in Chicago alone by matches last year. The great point insisted on by Chief Croker, Mr. Wentworth and others is that fires are preventable.

The British Medical Journal declares that murderers are generally amiable, kindly and sympathetic so long as their weak wills are not thwarted. Murderers are not murderers all the time; neither are heroes always heroic, or artists always sublime. This is a discovery which W. S. Gilbert made a score of years ago when he made the policeman in "The Pirates of Penzance" offer the observation that—

When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling
And the cutthroat isn't occupied with crime,
They love to hear the gentle brook a-gurgling
And listen to the merry village chime.

The article from the Trade Gazette published in last week's Saturday News, told an interesting story. No one, who knows conditions, can doubt as to what the future holds for Edmonton as a wholesale centre. But it will surprise many to learn of the progress that has already been made. The victory which the Board of Trade has just won before the railway commission will help not a little in strengthening the city's position. Up to the present the rate on goods from the east has been that to Winnipeg plus that from Winnipeg to Edmonton. The commission has now decided that the through rate to Edmonton must be less than the sum of these two. This is bound to make a big difference in meeting the competition of Winnipeg wholesaler.

The retiring city council provided for the submission of by-laws to the extent of \$165,000 to the citizens next month. Another \$175,000 it is proposed to spend on exhibition park. This is a large sum, following on last year's outlay, but there is no question of the value of the work being done, and the investment being a good one. Manager Harrison is proceeding along the right line in emphasizing the stock end of the exhibition. Edmonton has a fine chance of becoming a great live stock centre and the fair association does well to keep this object at all times in view.

The wisdom of spending \$164,000, at this stage, on another bridge across the Saskatchewan river is doubtful. It will have to come eventually but with

all the demands that there are upon civic funds at the present moment, wouldn't it be well to postpone the expenditure till there is more pressing need for it? However, most of us are prepared to receive with open minds what those who are pushing the project have to say for it.

The investment of \$91,250 in industrial sites is a good prospect. There is no form of inducement to manufacturers less open to objection than the providing of locations for them on reasonable terms. Besides, the policy will tend to concentrate industries which helps very materially in building up a town along rational lines.

The Griffin plant began with the New Year the property of The Swift Canadian Company. The change is a good one for Edmonton. Though it has been known all along that the great Chicago packing concern was behind the local industry, to have its name actually identified with it is bound to help us materially. A city that the Swifts consider it worth while spending a million dollars in is apt to appeal to the average investor as one that it will pay him to keep his eye on.

A Toronto man is suing that city for \$20,000 damages for the death of his four-year-old boy who, it is claimed, was admitted to the hospital suffering from diphtheria, and subsequently contracted scarlet fever and measles. The movement is gaining strength in Toronto for the total abandonment of the isolation hospital idea. After Judge Winchester's report, which I quoted a few weeks ago, it is certainly up to the health authorities to justify the existing method of treating contagious disease.

The removal of Rev. Robert Pearson to Red Deer will cause regret in Edmonton. He is a splendid type of the robust young Christian minister who should have a career of great usefulness ahead of him.

Everybody must hope that the confidence expressed by Mr. S. B. Woods, K.C., on the outcome of the C.P.R. taxation case will prove to be justified. In any event, the interests involved are so great that it was well worth the province's while to make a try, and Mr. Woods has thrown industry and energy into the work of preparation which it is to be hoped will be amply rewarded by the result.

What does the appointment of Dr. Kennedy Macleod as a member of the newly constituted Board of Governors of the University mean? The Macleod Advertiser, dropping into Latin, as befits the discussion of an academic topic, observes that the doctor is evidently persona grata with the government despite his controversy with the Chancellor and the President some time ago. It will be remembered that at that time he had a great deal of fault to find with the management of the University, though it was apparent from the newspaper controversy that followed that he had not taken a great deal of trouble to acquaint himself thoroughly with what was being done and that he was quite alone among the members of the Senate in the views which he expressed.

His appointment to the new body looks like a deliberate expression of want of confidence on the part of the government in those who have been in control of the University up to the present. What have they done to deserve this? Those who have done what they could to place difficulties in their way cannot have the sympathy of any large section of the people of the province. The campaign which they have been conducting has been puerile and unreasonable at all stages; and if the government proposes to play into their hands, the outlook for the institution, which can be made to mean so much for the province, is anything but a bright one.

The visit of the Western farmers to Ottawa has at least had one good effect. It has placed the interests which up to the present have in tariff matters had the ear of the government strictly on the defensive. They are prepared, it is evident, to put up a strong fight against such changes as the farmers have asked. Already their after-dinner and editorial page heavyweights are working overtime. Leading newspapers of both parties are vociferating that Eastern interests must not be sacrificed to the unreasonable demands of the men from the prairies. During the past week, Mr. T. A. Russell, an ex-secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, spoke before the Toronto Canadian Club. His address has been generally accepted as the reply of the manufacturers to the farmers' demands.

That it was unusually clever plea few who have

read it will deny. Briefly, his contention was that the Western farmer was better off than any other class in the Dominion, that a benevolent government had done everything for him, and that what he needed was not more assistance but the adoption of agricultural methods which would build up the country, not drain it of its natural wealth, as the craze for wheat growing was undoubtedly doing. The East, he contended, was in any case a much more important part of the Dominion to consider. Leaving other industries aside, its agricultural output was greater. The dairy produce of Ontario alone approached in value the whole of the Western wheat crop, its hay crop was more valuable, and so was the quantity of live stock killed in the old province in the course of a single year.

Mr. Russell, as all the others who have undertaken to discuss the question have done, quite ignores the fact that the deputation which visited Ottawa was composed of Easterners as well as Westerners, and that the men who go in for dairying and live stock and hay in Ontario have quite as much to gain from a moderate tariff as have the men from the other part of the Dominion.

Besides, we can hardly at this stage of development afford to shape our policy altogether on the strength of present conditions. We are just entering on what we believe to be an era of great growth, and no one is likely to argue that this will not take place for the most part to the west of the Lakes. We all know that it was only when the West began to open up, a decade or so ago, that Canada came to the front on the world's stage. It would be very surprising if the Western provinces could show the wealth at the present moment of those to the East. But one can hardly study the map of Canada without realizing that the future lies with them. If this is the case, is it not wise to shape public policy so as to aid expansion along such lines as will show the greatest results?

The West is not unreasonable. It desire no violent changes that will injure the industries of the East, but it does claim that the men who are doing the real work of nation-building, those who have gone out on the land in this Western country and opened it up, are entitled to first consideration. To speak of their lot as an easy one is to falsify all experience. The rewards are great, but they are invariably won in the face of difficulties that can only be overcome by intelligent and unremitting toil.

Mr. Russell tells about all that the rest of the country has done in the providing of railway facilities and in helping in other ways. For the greater part of what the West has received it has paid a big price and paid it directly. It has been by land grants and government guarantees, accompanied by taxation exemptions, that aid has for the most part been given to railways. The burden of all this has been borne wholly by the West. As for that which the East has assumed its share of, repayment has been made over and over again in the trade benefits which the opening up of the new provinces has given to Eastern manufacturers and merchants.

The fact that a large proportion of Western farmers are not pursuing the proper agricultural methods has really nothing to do with the tariff controversy. Does Mr. Russell mean to argue that with a lower tariff there would be more wheat in proportion to other farm products grown than at present. Unless he means this, his reference to agricultural methods leads nowhere. The chances are that, with the market to the south made available, it would pay him very much better to go in for diversified farming than it does now. He has to ship very long distances at present to get a market. Wheat lends itself best to this.

Mr. Russell is very much exercised over the lack of interest which the farmers displayed, when in the East, in the facilities being provided for handling their products through the ports there. They seemed very much more interested in the Hudson's Bay and the Pacific route. Can they be blamed, if by means of these they get the commodities that they have for sale more cheaply to the European markets. They can hardly be expected to be content with a smaller net return for their sales for the sake of building up Montreal and other Eastern ports.

At present they are undoubtedly under a great disability on account of the long haul to the Atlantic. The Saturday News has never been very enthusiastic about the Hudson's Bay route, so far as this province is concerned. But it does believe that, with

(Continued on page 4)



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"To wear out heart, and nerves and
brain; And give oneself a world of pain;
Be eager, angry, fierce, and hot,
Impervious, supine—God knows what
For what's all out to have or not;
O false, evasive, absurd, and vain!
For 'tis not joy, it is no gain,
It is not in itself a bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us all alive."

—Arthur Hugh Clough:

I have passed a not uninteresting
hour this morning glancing through
"The Mirror" for five years back.

the world, with them to keep them
sweet and true, the memory of such
blessed occasions, if one eliminated
this thing called Policy.

Nor numbers, but honest and hearty
whole interest count in bringing
about results, and I am persuaded
that if each man and woman devoted
his and her time to the particular
charities, etc., that really engaged his
or her particular interest, we could
accomplish far more in the end, and
save a great deal of time, worry and
nerve-rack in the interval. Every
person surely has some interest
in life. Few

frills where I should be concerning
myself with "questions of real im-
port."

Where he of course goes wrong, is
in insisting that all persons should
see things from his particular view-
point in Life. Between ourselves I
find him and his enthusiasm exceeding-
ly ponderous and tiresome—and I
don't care if he reads this and knows
I do. We're both right according to
our own idea of things. In every
village there must be one of each kind
of us. The play "The Passing of
the Third Floor Back," I only know
it from hearing it described by people
who have seen it, but it deals, I
understand, with the occupants of a
boarding-house, such boarders, my
Mirorites, as populate every board-
ing-house, I think under Heaven, and
which one way or another, classifies
both You and Me.

There is the Slut, mark you, in more ways than
one, purpose to help the plumbing
business." I ventured, to be answered
by a "Now you're making fun of me." But
believe me I wasn't, not for one
moment. There is rhyme and reason
in placing pipes in the most exposed
position in the house, except to make
rhymes on how the Plumbers
are Raking in the Shekels.

I loathe wet plaster. I don't like
the "shine" steamed out of my wood-
work. In fact, I feel like saying one
big bad word every time this little
incident overtakes us. The conditions
that produce burst pipes, or the
attenuation—I don't know which—
have a like effect on my thinking
apparatus. I am always particularly
vicious—and the Occupants much the
same—when the pipes burst.

This time I went up to have a
talk with the Plumber.

What was the curse? Surely the
pipes all over town with one accord,
though it is so degrees below don't
go to strike? I asked.

"Very simple cause," burst back
the Plumber. He is an admirable
Scotch boy with a mouthful o' accent.
"Some fool has put the pipes
plumb up against the outside wall."

"But I thought you always did that
on purpose to help the plumbing
business." I ventured, to be answered
by a "Now you're making fun of me." But
believe me I wasn't, not for one
moment. There is rhyme and reason
in everything—there can be no reason
in placing pipes in the most exposed
position in the house, except to make
rhymes on how the Plumbers
are Raking in the Shekels.

I am in despair sometimes as I set
one laid-enrusted dollar chaise an-
other down Jasper Avenue.

I wonder how we are going,
and what's the use, and shat we ever
get away to California, and a whole
heap of other "shalls" and wonders.
For life seems to be one mighty labor
for a very little getting, and we are
all getting "on" but not "there." Is
there nothing in life, I wonder, but
striving? Does one never, never,
never—"arrive" at any place, to
catch one's breath? Will no Milie-
naire stop to tell me how he feels
about it, no successful man how
worth while the business is, after you
have had your ticket of fame dated
out to you?

passing away like a thing that was
not!"

Of more things than fame and
books can we not query—"And all
for what?"

Peggy

The farmer who sets a good,
straight fence also sets a good ex-
ample.

People like to be taken for what
they are worth, except when the tax
assessor visits them.

The mole never waits for something
to turn up; he goes right out
and does it himself.

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Photograph, by G. W. French & Son, New York.

IN THE BOSSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

This picture, which was taken only a few months ago, shows Tolstoy surrounded by his family. The Countess is sitting beside him with her arm about her grandson. Another grandson stands at the right of the picture. The others in the picture are his sons and daughters.

Five years!—Eternity—a Day! It
all depends upon the mood you are in,
how you look at it.

Perhaps it is a weakness of mine, I
know a great many think so, that
The Mirror is a fairly good barometer
of the mood I am in at the moment.
One should write," argues one,
"not oneself into such columns, but
the ideas and opinions of women in
general."

"But how?" I ask you in return,
"can I voice the sentiments of my
sisters as a whole, when I don't even
pretend to share them?" One wo-
man would have me devote more
space to Club-land. Accounts
of meetings I have, or have not attended.
Another would like more attention
given to church matters, domes-
tic affairs, books—the list is endless.

But you haven't read this column
for five years not to have guessed
that I am frankly very little interested
in "meetings," and that I count
the majority of them a decided waste
of very valuable time. Three hours
at a stretch, to settle a detail or two
that could be readily disposed of
in about five minutes, neither inter-
ests nor edifies me. It amuses me if
you will, but that is another story.

Why then should I sit out, and
make a huge fraud of myself in the
doing so, to tell of the very "inter-
esting and instructive gathering held
at So-and-So," etc., when to honest,
I should have to confess to you,
as many of you do to me, that I am
bored to death with it all, and only
attend because it is policy to do so.

If we eliminated "policy" from our
gatherings, Great Caesar's Ghost!
where should we be at all, at all, at
all!

I don't advocate its abolishment, I
wouldn't be guilty of such a heroic
shaking up of all our accepted ideas,
but one may wonder, I suppose how
many occasions would find a
gathering waiting till the crack of
dawn for a quorum, and incidentally
what an innuendo would be given to
the dear, and ever rarer type of home
life our ancestors knew, when father,
mother, and children shared their
evenings round a common hearth,
and built up, and later took out into

Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy?" The
Scrib, the Artist, the Money Shark,
and the Land-lady, etc., etc.

Go to a London drawing room and
you will find their counterparts, or
look around you in Edmonton and
here they are again.

"Same little village, same people,
different stage setting and a few
changes in our outer garments."
That's all, and yet some people wonder
if they'll have to go to the same
Heaven as Someone Else. That's
the Snob of The Third Floor Back.

This morning the pipes burst up in
the bath-room, and a shower-bath
watered the occupants of the Kitchen.
I think this makes about the tenth burst in the same
place since we have occupied the
house.

If I find things this way and that
in it, ten to one you find them just
so too. The finding should constitute
a bond of interest between us. My
despair at broken household gods
you have experienced too at one time
or another. My disappointment in a
maid or a friend, you have also
known.

I am an ordinary woman facing
rather ordinary conditions. Children
of a common village, you in your
little house round the corner, and you
in your pretentious red-brick residence
at the edge of the village, days of
hope and despair, and joy and sorrow
have one meaning for us all!

Experiences vary only in kind.
"The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady"
are sisters under their skins."

Remember I write for both of you,
and I am sometimes hard put to it to
know who I like writing for best.

A man last week told me I was a
"trifler." That I wrote of froth and



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AN ELECTION NIGHT IN OLD LONDON.

The above sketch was made by Matania in Trafalgar Square, early in the recent campaign. The latter
polling aroused little public interest.

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NELSON BANISTER, Esq., (Capt. "A" Squadron, 12th Manitoba Dragoons) of Oak Lake, Manitoba, says, "I was stricken with Sciatica and Neuralgia of the Heart—was bedridden also with rheumatism, there was no physician or doctor available, and some who owe their lives, to the marvellous virtues of "Fruit-a-tives".

PAUL J. JONES, Esq., retired merchant of Sarnia, Ont., testifies "I suffered for 25 years with Constipation, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Stomach. I gave "Fruit-a-tives" a trial and found it the only remedy that does good and I cannot praise it too highly".

MRS. LIZZIE BAXTER, 5 Home Place, Toronto—"I was a terrible sufferer from Rheumatism for nearly a year. Two doctors treated me but I became a helpless cripple and saw "Fruit-a-tives" advertised and decided to take it. After taking five doses, I am well again".

HENRY SPINKS, Esq., the well known Justice of The Peace of Moorfield, Ont., "I suffered from severe indigestion for almost two years and became almost a skeleton. Two experienced doctors pronounced my case hopeless. My son sent me a bottle of "Fruit-a-tives" from the outfit and after taking these wonderful tablets, I was better and "Fruit-a-tives" completely cured me".

J. JOURNET, Esq., a well known and highly esteemed citizen of Grande Ligne, P.Q., says "I heartily recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to all who suffer with Constipation".

H. MARCHESAULT (High Constable of Province of Quebec), St. Hyacinthe, says "Fruit-a-tives" cured me of Chronic Pain in the Back."

EDWIN ORAM, Sr., of Sydney Mines, N. S., writes "For many years, I suffered from a very bad case of hypertension and thought the disease was Cancer. After taking three doses of "Fruit-a-tives", I was much better and now I can say that "Fruit-a-tives" has entirely cured me".

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THE CITY'S NEED OF OPEN SPACES

A paper read at a joint meeting of the Edmonton Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire on Tuesday Jan. 10 by Gertrude Balmer Watt

At a time when every great city of both the Old and the New Worlds is considering projects which will add to its dignity, beauty and healthfulness, when large appropriations are being made to undo the mistake of allowing them to grow in haphazard fashion, the people of Edmonton have particular need to take note of what is being done along these lines.

We can hardly expect that a community which is the growth of centuries or which has come suddenly to the front for some altogether unlooked-for reason, to have done very much in the way of providing for a large population. Having been unconscious of its destiny in its early years, it has taken little thought of anything but the present. Where, however, in the day of small things, there is the plainest indication of what is to follow, where opinion both at home and abroad is unanimous as to the great things store, it must be considered folly of the most consummate character, not to make adequate provision for what the future has to offer.

This is our position in Edmonton. Ten years ago, there might have been some reasonable stout as to the place which we were likely to make for ourselves. Five years ago, such doubt was a thing of the past. Nothing, it was apparent then, could hold the young city back. That was the time for elaborating a general city plan and purchasing such land as was necessary for carrying it out. The council of that day was alive to a slight extent to the necessity for action and purchased two properties for park purposes, one to the east and the other to the west of the city. The value of these has trebled since then. The longer has been put to excellent use during the past year by the establishment of the Exhibition grounds there, along with a general recreation park which is bound to prove a great boon to everyone in that part of the city.

The pity is that the council did not go further at that juncture in our history. It will be remembered that shortly afterwards the government of the province brought a landscape architect of distinction to Edmonton for the purpose of advising it on the question of laying out the ground around the new parliament building. His suggestion here was taken advantage of by the council and he was asked to prepare a general civic improvement scheme. This he did and a most attractive document it was that he presented. It urged that there should be no delay in securing the land that would be required for an adequate park and parkway system for the city. The completion of this could wait till the municipality felt better able to stand the financial expense involved but it would be a heavy loser with the large increase in land values that were certain if it did not make the actual purchases then.

But his report was pigeon-holed and no action whatever taken upon it. How we have suffered through failing to pay heed to his warnings everyone who knows anything about the increase of Edmonton real estate values within the past few years is quite aware. Now with a population of 30,000 and expansion, at a rate far beyond what we have seen in the past, in prospect for the immediate future, we are waking up to the absolute necessity of doing something. It is not too late to accomplish much and further delay will cause still greater heartburnings five and ten years hence but it is regrettable that the problem was not boldly faced when it first arose.

There is more of a disposition on the part of the present council to make a move in the direction indicated than has been manifested by any of its predecessors. Public sentiment is being aroused to the necessity of action and in stimulating this and thus assuring thorough-going measures, the Daughters of the Empire and similar organizations can do a work which will re-load in a large measure to the future good of the city.

"The Need of Open Spaces" is the subject assigned to me today. The creation and preservation of these is an important feature of the move-

(Continued on page seven.)

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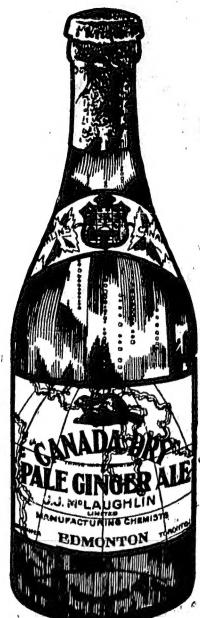
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Home and Society

Mrs. Bulyea will receive on Thursday, January 19th, from four to six.

The 19th Alberta Dragoons, "A" Squadron, will give their next dance on Monday next, 16th inst., at the Separate School Hall.

The intense cold of the past week seems in no wise to have dampened the ardor of hostesses for giving afternoon and evening parties, nor the high spirits of their guests for turning up as punctiliously as if we were enjoying balmy spring weather. Truly I admire the enterprise of the one and the get-up-and-go of the others.

It is wicked weather, and the only excuse for venturing abroad, from my particular point of view, should be business, and urgent business at that.

The hot atmosphere of tea rooms, after the bitter cold out-of-doors, with a return to it after being half-cooked, is providing an unprecedented rush for the doctors, and much discomfort for the sufferers.

Everyone seems to have, or have had, a cold. The main topic of conversation is burst water-pipes, and entre nous, my dear readers, I think that most of us are required at home. Personally I don't much care while such conditions last, if Home and Society news keeps school or no. My enthusiasm is frozen for gadding to parties and teas, while I can have a cheery grate fire and a cup of the fragrant brew at home for the asking.

I heard of one beautiful incident that happened to a wee boy, the nephew of a well known society woman, early in the week.

The little chap had gone down town for his music lesson, and standing waiting for a car, had his cheek and ear frost-bitten.

He was a brave boy, so he didn't cry, but some men who were passing by stopped him and took him to a nearby tobacco store, and patiently thawed the poor cheek out. It was very painful, as you'll be knowing, but the lad bore it like a Stoic, so one great big fellow, who remembered how it felt to be a boy, gave him seventy-five cents to "get something" to make up. But that wasn't all. Going out of the door, another great-hearted chap slipped a little flat paper thing in his mitt; which the boy thought to be gum, and speeded him car-wards for home. Arrived there, and breathlessly telling his relatives of his exciting experiences, he pulled the mitt off to produce his treasures, to find that the supposed gum was a dollar bill, folded flat.

"It's a good old world after all, isn't it? A generous world, where most little ladies are concerned. The men are gone on their ways, their names unknown, but I'll lay you a bet that boy will remember the incident and pass the deed on himself one day, and I, and those who heard the story, say, 'God bless those and all other good-hearted men'."

Mrs. Walter W. Hutton will receive at her residence 1305 Peace Avenue, corner of Fourteenth, on Tuesday, January 17th, and afterwards on Friday, Wednesday of each month.

Mrs. Jas. Smith was the hostess of a jolly Bridge on Thursday evening.

On Tuesday night Mrs. Howard Douglas gave a smart Bridge party in her delightful apartments in the Rene Lemarchand Mansions, five tables engaging in play, and thanks to the sensible method of arrangement, enjoying a sensible, scientific game. Bridges, progressive parties, that is, are often little better than mad scrambles, but not points, forming the main object to strive for, and there is a growing feeling that pivoting, or some form of arranging partners with some reference to the game they play, is much the better way. Mrs. Douglas' plan of two rubbers at the head table obviates a great deal of the cause of complaint, and Tuesday's game was correspondingly enjoyable.

The hostess looked very sweet as received, wearing a deep-heavily-thistled shade princess gown, heavily braided and with a bit of yoke of some lovely fine Battemburg lace.

A prize was given at each table, and those fortunate enough to win them

were Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Turnbull, and Mrs. Donald Macdonald, who carried away dainty favors in silver and brass.

Just before midnight a delicious supper was served, and those present included Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Everitt Campbell, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Swaishland, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Dickens, Miss Gouin, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Frank Smith and Madame Cauchon, who with Mrs. Frank Smith assisted Mrs. Douglas.

Miss Gouin, after a very jolly holiday visit with her sister, Mrs. Dickens, left for her home in Winnipeg on Thursday.

The Assembly this Friday in the Hotel Cecil is being eagerly looked forward to by the young dancing set.

Mrs. D. L. Scott entertained at a Bridge on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Lougheed and Mr. Clarence Lougheed, of Calgary, are among

a pleasant interval over the tea-cups before scurrying off to their belated dinners. Quite everyone of the usual tea-going set seemed present, and on every hand one heard whispered confidences of burst wafer pipes, and kiddies who had colds, and other such matters of primal concern to conscientious house-mothers.

Mrs. Smith received her guests, looking very handsome in a graceful pale blue lingerie frock, with a long chain of turquoise, and the tea-room an inviting rendezvous on this brisk afternoon, was in charge of Mrs. Brunton and Mrs. Donald Macdonald, the table being most artistically arranged with white hyacinths, fern and shaded candle-lights.

At the mass meeting of the various chapters of the Daughters of the Empire on Thursday afternoon, in All Saints' Schoolhouse, for the purposes of discussing the amalgamation of the Chapters into one central branch, it was almost unanimously decided that such a move would tend to any advantage and a motion was put and carried again it. Mrs. R. P. Barnes, Regent of Westward Ho Chapter was in the chair, and Mrs. Hyndman, Regent of the Beaver House Chapter, was also on the platform; Miss Crosskill taking the minutes. Matters of interest to the Order were discussed, and arrange-

easy living room upstairs, her gown of pale pink charmeuse satin, with filigree lace berthe and crystal garniture, stting off her vivacious, blonde type of beauty admirably. With her was her mother, Mrs. Metcalfe, looking exceedingly handsome in rich black with touches of exquisite real lace on the corsage, and turquoise ornaments on the decollete. In her hair she wore a white ostrich aigrette. Mr. Swaishland, genial host that he was, here, there and everywhere seeing to the comfort of his guests.

Dancing took place in the reception and dining-rooms, Shanks' Orchestra, stationed in the hall, furnishing the music, the rooms looking very gay and festive with their Christmas decorations, which were still in place. Supper was served at midnight, but it was the wee-sing hours before the guests, reluctantly departed home, protesting that it had been a "perfectly lovely party" and that they didn't want it ended.

Among those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull and their guest, Mrs. Rogers of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Scoble, the latter looking very sweet in a frock of pale blue striped satin, Mrs. Nightingale in an exquisite white lace robe, and Miss Hudspeth in becoming mauve satin. Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Smith, the lady in elegant white satin and chrysanthemum, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Lines, the lady in green chiffon over a foundation of salmon pink and looking very handsome, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lines, the latter in a stunning gown of gold-headed illusion over pale yellow, Mr. and Mrs. Muir Frith, the lady in cowl-neck yellow with rich Persian embroideries, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Macdonald and Miss Kerr, Mrs. Macdonald in grey chiffon over pink satin with broad bands of the pink on skin and bodice, with lace and pearl accessories, and Miss Kerr in elegant white brocade. Miss Armour of Toronto, in becoming rose pink, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, the latter very attractive in soft olive-green material over white satin, Mr. and Miss Baldwin, the lady very pretty and vivacious in white satin, Miss Phyllis Barnes, a dainty belle in a little pale-yellow frock, Miss Eleanor Taylor in white satin with chrysanthemum, a handsome partner, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hardisty, the latter looking very well in handsome mauve, and Miss Harvey in a girlish white lace gown. There were a great many young men, with whose names I am unfamiliar, but I recognized Mr. Ernie Ferris, Mr. Speth, Mr. Reg. Wilson of Ottawa, Monsieur Thibaudau, Mr. Lister, Mr. Harvey, and many more whose names I have just forgotten.



Man of the World (lighting up): "We'll ave to give it 'em, I expect, Charlie!" —Punch.

those journeying to California on Saturday. The Edmonton coteries who are going have been busy all week with their preparations, and at card-parties and teas have done their best to make their less fortunate friends green with envy. Plucking oranges, and the idea of roses growing on the bushes out of doors, appeals to me very strongly just at this moment. Va pour this blood-curdling weather. I am bored utterly.

Mrs. A. Y. Blain was the hostess of a most enjoyable tea-party on Monday afternoon, the guests braving thirty and more below to render themselves for the occasion. I believe that Miss Gouin was the main raison d'être of the party, and the guests, being limited in numbers, all enjoyed a chat with her as well as their hostess.

Tea was served at a table glowing with crimson lights and flowers. Mrs. Hyndman and Mrs. Alan Fraser pouring, and Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie serving the ices, while Miss Maud McKenney and Miss Irene Harbottle passed the dainty refreshments.

Mrs. Blain in a fetching pale blue frock of silk taffeta was, as always, the kindest of hostesses, and the tea and gossip passed too rapidly.

Mrs. Ponton entertained at a Bridge Tea on Wednesday afternoon.

The Alberta Women's Association will meet on Saturday, January 14th, at 3 p.m., in the Strathcona Collegiate Institute. After the business meeting Mrs. Ferris, who has recently returned from Europe, will speak to the Club on the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Germany.

Mrs. Ewing was the hostess of a tiny Bridge on Wednesday in honor of her sister, Mrs. Harvey.

Mrs. Duncan Smith, who is one of the most charming and enterprising hostesses at the Capital, gave a Bridge Tea on Friday last, Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Frank Sommerville capturing the very pretty prizes, an ideal setting for such a scene. Mrs. Swaishland, youthful and pretty as the youngest girl present, received in the

delightful residence on Victoria Ave. on Friday evening, was a very smart affair indeed, the most prominent social folk of the Capital being all present in their loveliest gowns, and the charming home surroundings an ideal setting for such a scene.

Mrs. Swaishland's dance in her residence on Victoria Ave. on Friday evening, was a very smart affair indeed, the most prominent social folk of the Capital being all present in their loveliest gowns, and the charming home surroundings an ideal setting for such a scene.

The spark of love is usually kindled before there is a match.

Some Sidelights on British Politics

A STUDENT OF THE SITUATION CONTRASTS ASQUITH AND LLOYD GEORGE

One who is on terms of considerable intimacy with the Chancellor of the Exchequer has lately told the world that formidable as were the difficulties which the Chancellor had to encounter in the House of Commons during the passage of his famous budget, there were as nothing compared with those which he had to surmount in the Cabinet. Some of his colleagues, we are told, are men of fine mind, some are politically hostile, some cherish these latter personal antipathies which often arise in public intimacies. Probably the Premier himself can be placed in each of these three categories. He is certainly a man of fine mind, he had never, until the day when he became members of the same cabinet, been suspected of having much in common with Mr. Lloyd George, politically, and it is pretty generally known that he does not in private life, court his society.

Differed From The First.

The political hostility between the two dates from Mr. Lloyd-George's entrance into Parliament. At that time Mr. Asquith, as Home Secretary, was piloting through the Commons a Welsh Disestablishment bill. The young Welshman proposed amendments with the object of rendering the bill far more drastic, and these amendments Mr. Asquith refused to accept, with the result that the majority supporting Mr. Asquith sank as low on occasions as seven on a measure of first-class importance, thus impairing Mr. Asquith's reputation. Mr. Asquith bitterly resented this action of his nominal superior, and, though notoriously slow to wrath, gave an injury. But it was, of course, at the time of the Boer war that the political antagonism between the two men reached its most acute stage. Mr. Lloyd George championed the cause of the Boers, while Mr. Asquith joined Lord Rosebery in supporting the war, alike in Parliament and on the platform, as both just and necessary. Mr. Lloyd George had taken his political life in his hands, and was not disposed to injure his words, and he deserved his fiercest scorn and most violent invectives for the Liberal Imperialists. Since they have been members of the same Cabinet there have, of course, been no outward recriminations, but rightly or wrongly, the quid nuncs of the political clubs assert that the occasions of difference between them in the Cabinet have been frequent and serious.

Temperamentally Opposed.

Temperamentally, they have nothing in common. The Premier is cold, weighty, judicial, with the utmost contempt for anything that approaches "high falutin" in speech. The Chancellor is fiery, nimble, imaginative, and has all the Celt's addiction to language that verges on the high-flown. Moreover, his view point is always that of one who is himself their life and knows its drabness, a man of the people. He has lived it, he belongs to it, true, to a learned profession, but he never rose to eminence in it, and his practice, down to

altogether it is not, perhaps, on the whole, surprising that it should be a matter of common knowledge that the Premier and his second in command do not "hit it off." And the personal equation can never by wholly ignored in British politics.

A. R. J. in Toronto Star.

If you are acquainted with happiness, introduce him to your neighbor.

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JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

LLOYD-GEORGE.

Aviator's safety depends upon retaining consciousness, and if his gloved hands lose the sense of feeling altogether the machine must soon fall to earth. When Arch. Hoxey after climbing in a biplane to a height of 11,474 feet at Los Angeles made a landing at Dominguez Field he was "benumbed, speechless and dazed, gasping for breath and blue from cold." Higher he could not have gone except at a terrible risk. Barral and Bixto, ascending in a balloon in July, 1850, encountered at a height of 23,000 feet a temperature of 38 degrees below zero. What has been proved, however, by the feats in altitude of Legagneux, Johnston and Hoxey is that the aeroplane can be taken up beyond the range of rifle fire and so high as to make no target for a field gun.

Somewhat extended reference was made on this page two weeks ago to the disclosures in the Oxford County investigation in Ontario. Since then, the position of the municipal representatives under suspicion has not improved. An ex-warden was, for instance, declared to have asked for and received commissions for his influence in connection with certain purchases. He was given an opportunity of denying the accusation but did not do so. Other members of the council were charged with similar practices. The enquiry is now concluded, and the investigating judge is to make his report at an early date. What will follow if he finds against the men accused?

There have been many cases in which suspicion was very general that grafting existed in municipal affairs, but it is usually difficult to adduce actual proof. One would think that when this is secured, the offenders would be immediately proceeded against in order that an example should be afforded to others who are subjected to similar temptations. But strange to say, the despatches indicate that it is not intended to carry the matter any further, regardless of the nature of the judge's finding. Nor is this all. The following appeared in the daily papers of the *East*, the other day under a Woodstock date-line: "The closing of the inquiry has been received with satisfaction by the county. The heavy expense Oxford has been put to for private detectives and counsel has caused some dissatisfaction, and the men responsible for the investigation are not as popular as they were some time ago. A rather significant evidence of the change in sentiment was the defeat at the annual elections of both Vickert and Stauffer, the two councillors who were most energetic in securing the appointment of a Royal Commission. They sought re-election as Reeve and Deputy-Reeve of Blenheim township, and in an election in which the investigation was one of the issues, were left behind."

A more unhealthy state of public opinion could

hardly be imagined. If it is indicative of that of the whole country the prospect for our future good government is a dark one. Canadians have been in the habit of pointing the finger of scorn at their neighbors to the south because of the frequent revelations of corruption that are made there and laying the flattering ascription to their souls that things are not that way with them. The fact is that the same diseases of the body politic afflict us as they do the people of the United States, but that we are more disposed to shut our eyes to what is going on.

There has been much denunciation of "muckrakers." But there is no question that they are needed. Their task is not a pleasant one, but when they undertake it is utter folly on the part of those who are suffering from the deprivations of men who are occupying public office simply for the benefit of their own pocket, not to heed it! Why should people object to having their houses entered and their valuable taken away? Why should they prosecute absconders in business life? It would be just as sensible to let offenders of this character get away un punished, as to sit calmly back and let men grow rich at the expense of the public.

In another part of this issue there is published a paper which was read this week before the combined Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire during the past week. It deals with a subject which has been often taken up on this page, and in which public interest is becoming at last thoroughly aroused, the need of providing more open spaces throughout the city. We cannot afford to let the problem go unanswered to any longer. Last year's council made a move towards adopting a comprehensive park policy and it should be one of the first matters that the new body should turn its attention to.

It is satisfactory to note that in connection with the new armories we are likely to have a park. It is proposed to purchase land equivalent to twenty city lots. This is a policy which should be pursued in securing the sites for all public buildings. The buildings themselves are given an effective setting and a breathing spot furnished for the congested population which is certain to spring up in all central portions of the city.

There is little doubt that the additional expenditure which it is proposed to make at the Exhibition Grounds will be heartily approved of when the vote is taken later in the month. The possibilities which are open to the city of becoming a great stock centre are so obvious that it is generally recognized that everything that will help development along these lines should be supported in a thorough-going fashion.

The pure-bred bull sale which is to be held under the auspices of the Exhibition Association on the 26th and 27th of April next should be the first of a long series of such events, which in course of time will rank with the most important in the live stock calendar of America.

in Winnipeg until after eight o'clock at night. They were met at the door by a party of natives who surrounded them with a volley of pistol shots, and headed the procession to the theatre direct, although the members of the company were both hungry and tired out, but through the exertions of Mr. Sharp they were fed, watered with champagne, and rested, and as the manager of the troupe declared, that he would present the opera that night or burn his baggage, the first curtain was raised at ten thirty-two hours later than the advertised time.

You can bet the house was full, packed, jammed and running over. There were the big wigs from Government house, the mayor, and aldermen of the city, and everybody that was anybody who could raise the money to pay for a ticket found it convenient to be present. The mayor was supposed to make a speech, to give the Scotch owner of the theatre a send-off for his enterprise, and a newspaper man attempted to recite an ode written for the occasion, showing that Winnipeg was to be the home of art, and the Chicago of the North-west, etc., or words to that effect; but the interruptions were so numerous from a small but bilious section of the audience that but little attention was paid to the speeches. Once, however, there was a moment's

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boots, up and down stairs when some particularly nice singing was in progress on the stage was at distinct variance with the police voices of society as now established in the up-to-date duchies. But every one was intent upon being sociable, and gen-

er under the footlights. Several quarts of fizz had disappeared, and one young fellow just ripe for any sort of mischief slid from his chair to the floor, and then deliberately pointed a bottle of the sparkling fluid at the leader of the orchestra, and blandly invited him to share its contents.

The leader smilingly bowed again, and amid the laughter of the audience the cork popped, and fizz, fizz went a deluge of the froth and champagne over the nearest box.

It is only fair to say right here that the management of the theatre took proper steps thereafter to maintain proper order and decorum in their extravagantly festive opening with the dignified establishment; but one cannot help contrasting this function, which gave to the city The Wall, one of the most elegantly appointed theatres in America, on the night of Monday, February 18, 1897. At this opening speeches were made by the premier of the province, Mr. Rollin, and by the mayor of the city, Mr. Ashdown, who gave a splendid performance given by the Harry W. Savage company of Pueblo's grand work "Madame Butterfly." I do not remember of a drop of wine spilt, or drunk on this occasion.

But to finish with the Princess opening in 1883. The committee in charge of the arrangements feasted the entire Hess company at the Grand Union hotel after the performance had terminated about one o'clock in the morning.

I recollect calling at the hotel about noon the next day to see the principal tenor, Mr. Georg Appley, with whom I was well acquainted in the old country. He was still in bed, and suffering somewhat from the effects of the banquet, as he stated that he did not get to his room until five a.m. However, we spent an hour or two in renewing old friendship, and in being introduced to the prima donna soprano of the organization, a brilliant singer named Mrs. Abbie Carrington, and also to Mark Smith, a fine baritone vocalist who soon after became very popular with the American public. Mary Carrington was then quite a young girl, the promising daughter of a gifted mother, who herself achieved considerable fame as an operatic soprano.

Many alterations and changes for its betterment were made to the Princess Opera House during its occupation by the lessors, Messrs. Seach and Sharp; and through their enterprise reputable dramatic companies gave periodical visits to the city, occasionally headed by "stars" of importance in classical repertoire, some of whom are recognized leaders in the profession to-day.

Say not always what you know, but always know what you say,



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LILY BRAYTON, AS JUSTICE.
The symbolic figure of this celebrated English
Actress was a beautiful episode in the recent
Woman's Suffrage Pageant.

silence, during line was heard distinctly:
"Or have I dr. . . a draught at fairy well?"

The speaker was greeted with a yell of derision that dismayed him; however he managed to stick to his task amid the greatest uproar I had ever experienced in a place of amusement. The deadly champagne had done its work during the two hours wait—buckets of it were being sent over from the hotel and ladled out to purchasers in the bar under the theatre.

Evening suits for the men, and dainty costumes for the women were not uncommon even in the year 1883,

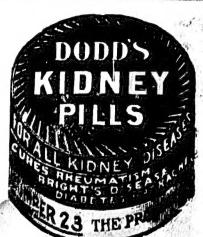
and surely every man that owned a swallow-tailed coat had one. But in the pandemonium of the evening I saw but little of the performance.

Transportation was very irregular

inched, for was it not the opening of the "landladies" opera house in the Northwest, christened "The Princess" in floods of champagne and whisky. The canny Scotch hotelkeeper took in more profits from his sale of liquor than from the sale of theatre tickets. Oh, what an opening night!

Especially good natured was a party of "swells" in a stage box, and though they were dressed as for a society function its trammels didn't curb that party the least bit. They were doing the reception act during the interludes, and just as the curtains were falling they would show to the people in the audience they knew, "Come round here, Doc," or "you're looking fine Dave," or Hello Bill you're wanted. Don't go down stairs, there's plenty of stuff here. Of course there was a break made for this particular box.

I shall never forget the scene in that theatre, and in that particular stage box when the musicians came up for the last act, out of that little



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**THE LOUNGER**

Smith has a lovely baby girl.
The Stork left her with a flutter;
Smith named her Oleomargarine
For he hadn't any but her.

The officials of an American railway have decided to forbid kissing at the gates of railway depots. They will have their time in carrying out the rule, and the man who is called on to enforce it will have to be possessed of singular tact and courage. We haven't yet reached the gate system at our depots so that there is no immediate danger of interference with our osculatory habits, but the

You never feel

"ZERO WEATHER"

when wearing one of our

Chamois Vests

Made of best grade of MILITARY FELT lined with CHAMOIS

All sizes Ladies or Gents **\$2.50** each

Geo. H. GRAYDON

KING EDWARD PHARMACY

260 JASPER AVE. EAST



REITERATION ADDS ITS ARTFUL AID.
"Well, Mrs. Stubbs, how did you like sermon on Sunday?"
"Oh, I thought it was beautiful, sir, thank you, sir."
"And which part of it seemed to hold you most?"
"The part where you told me most, was your perseverance, sir, the way you went over the same thing again and again, sir." The Tarter.

opinion of the man who officiates at the Vancouver gates is worth recording:

"There is one thing about this kissing at the gates that I think the authorities ought to look into," said he. "It is that there is too much promiscuous kissing. It's all right for married men to kiss their wives, for young couples who are engaged to marry, for brothers and sisters and in some cases cousins, but when it comes to second cousins and friends' wives and sweethearts, I think the line should be drawn somewhere."

"Before I got this job I used to think kissing was a grand indoor sport, but after you see several hundred jobs of kissing done every day for a few months, kissing begins to pall on you. Besides, the railroad station kisses are only counterefits. They are not the real thing. They generally are only smacks."

"I believe I may be classed as an expert in kissing after five years of daily observation of an average of 300 kisses a day, which makes a grand total of 547,500 osculatory demonstrations I have seen."

When Nat Goodwin, the comedian, took his fourth wife, who on the stage is known as Edna Goodrich, there was considerable speculation as to how long the frame-up would last. Now we learn that Edna is suing for divorce. To perish all the hopes that were entertained when the marriage took place that Nat had abandoned his evident intention of rivaling Henry VIII. Here is what he told a newspaper reporter in 1908: "My first wife was too good for me.

"Oh, I am so happy, happy, happy."

A Texas paper recently published this advertisement:

Wanted—Ninety acres of land out on the road from Knoxville to Despair, eight acres set with growlers' briars, nine acres in crawfish holes, ten acres in clay galls with persimmon grub as big as ox yokes, eleven acres in marsh that would yoke a bulldog, twelve, in Mexican thistles, bull nettles and grass bugs belly deep to a giraffe, forty acres in sand bed corral fenced with jackass legs, staked and ridered with Sampson's implements of war, too poor for anything but a donkey to raise a kick on. Murry have a clear abstract of title, as there will be no peaceful possession—a perfect limitation after put to the purpose for which I am purchasing. I want it for a summer resort for the Kickers' Club, where every long-legged, two-legged kicker may have the privilege of raising sand on his own land. See or write—Ima Kicker Address, Most Anywhere Around the Curt Stone in Knoxville.

W. H. P. Jarvis tells this story in his book "The Letters of a Remittance Man," just published:

An Englishman was given a thousand pounds by his father to begin life as a farmer in Western Canada. The dutiful son came to this country, bought 160 acres of sage-brush and goathers, took up his abode in a neighboring town and blew in the remainder of the money. When his cash and credit were gone he wrote to his father telling him that he had

become so successful that he had raised upon his farm 1,800 head of hogger, the sleekest and fattest animals in all the country round. Edna and I are married for good. We are going to settle down and enjoy the rest of our lives. You can believe me, this marriage is for keeps."

And this was Miss Goodrich's statement:

That all these bad examples had their good points every one.

For instance, as we wonder on we often stop 'o ponder on

The crime that was committed by that wicked person Cain—

But when they apprehended him, no expert great defended him, Nor did he plead to clear himself that he was then insane.

The case of Ananias, too, we think, about such as too, too.

We cite him as a sample of the evil of a lie—

But wrong as was his sore offense he did not give the more offense

By saying that he suffered from a lapse of memory.

And Mrs. Lot, who sorrowing, would fain still go Gomorrah,

And possibly is standing now a statue made of salt—

She didn't claim her turning round was to see what was burning round,

She didn't add, "Oh, just because" unto her other fault.

Goliath, too, that giant man—he was a self-reliant man

And went with single purpose to the spot that meant his fate;

He didn't think financially and help himself substantially,

Insisting on a divvy of admissions at the gate.

Right here with all expedition we frown on disobedience

And Absalom the wilful we put in the culprit's chair—

He had his faults, he did truly, and was a most unruly kid,

But gave no testimonials for a top-

make."

The descriptive reporter of an English paper in describing the turning of a dog out of court by order of the bench recently detailed the occurrence as follows: "The ejected canine as he was ignominiously dragged from the room cast a glance at the Judge for the purpose of being able to identify him some future time."

They Had Their Good Points.

Profane and sacred history hold here and there some mystery—

Some terrible example that would teach us what to shun.

The thoughtful person, maybe, sees as plain as though in A, B, C's,

Delilah was a plotter, too, and stirred up lots of slaughter, too, And in the Hall of Infamy she occupies a niche—

She acted very clammy for her Philistine family,

But did not take poor Samson's hair to make herself a switch.



The Doctor: You don't feel any better? Well, how's that? Have you done what I said and taken plenty of animal food?"

John: "Yes, doctor; but I'll ave ter drop it."

I managed middlin' well with the oats and maize, and done a bit at split beans; but the chopped 'ay—that was too much—animal food don't suit me."

The Sketch.

Lucezia Borgia killed with drugs—faded guests dainties filled with drugs,

And kept old Charon busy while she checked her lengthy list;

But though her ways affrighted folks no, one says she invited folks

To come and lose their money in an evening at bridge whist.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Life.

SAYS BLACK RACE SURPASSES WHITE.

White Chicago recently bridged the racial chasm for an hour and gave the "black" man, in the person of Booker T. Washington, the glad hand of Christian fellowship. It happened at the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, and so many wanted to hear the head and front of Tuskegee College plead for his own race that long before the programme started the doors were barricaded and admission was denied to as many as occupied the 2,000 seats in Orchestra hall.

The address he delivered was No. 6 of the day in Chicago, and before the applause that rewarded his peroration had ceased, he had slipped through the rear door of the stage and was on his way to keep two other speakers engaged, making eight speeches within fourteen hours.

Although most of his other appearances were before audiences of negroes, there were many colored persons among the Orchestra hall hearers. Some of them occupied boxes, too, and joined in the applause when he proclaimed the dignity of manual labor and the anxiety of the people of his own race to do their share "instead of wearing fancy clothes."

Lynching bees? Race riots? Yes, the colored educator said he knew all about those happenings of the south—and less often the north—but he declared that what the people of the north did not hear about, though vastly more important and significant, was the progress of the black people, their new respect for industry, the homes they were building and the acres they were tilling.

"Let us be perfectly frank here to-night," he said earnestly. "Many persons are honest belief that education should be denied the black man. They are in favor of educating every other race. They recall the negro of other days, who graduated from college and came back home waving a diploma and wearing kid gloves and a stovepipe hat. They said: 'That is what a negro becomes if he is educated; let's not make all the blacks like him.'

"They forget that everybody has its silly, youthful period. My race is only forty-five years old, yet after several months spent in Europe, it is my observation that the negro race in America is progressing, learning faster than several races in Southern Europe.

"In Sicily I found that 80 per cent of the population could neither read nor write. In Portugal the percentage of illiteracy was 90. Yet we blacks, in its youth, can both read and write to the extent of 57 per cent. No graduate of Tuskegee."

—Mr. Washington pronounced it. Tuskegee, with accent on the second syllable and the "g" hard, has been sent to a penitentiary. There learn farming—not agriculture—and the young women learn cooking—not domestic economy."

"You do wrong to measure our progress by yours. The negro wouldn't have any trouble keeping pace with Southern Europeans." Yet the progress we are making has been in the face of great difficulties." In some states, the money spent on education of blacks is but a trifling, in one, only 0 cents for each child, yet here in Chicago I suppose the sum is between \$20 and \$25."

Arrested Coughs

A cough or cold is arrested at once by

MATHIEU'S SYRUP
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

It not only relieves instantly; it cures the trouble, and puts the system in better shape to resist future attacks.

The most successful Cough Remedy in Canada is Mathieu's Syrup.
Large bottle 85 cents, from all dealers.

J. L. Mathieu Co., Prop't., Sherbrooke, Que.

Distributors for Western Canada
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Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, Saskatoon.

His Highness the Jam Sahib, better known to the world as Prince Ranji, the peerless cricketer, made a speech not long ago in presenting prizes to the Poona Young Cricketers' Club, from which this is an extract:

"I feel I must point out to the public some defects in Indian cricket, which I have seen in Bombay and Poona, where I have watched several important matches. Never let party spirit override your sense of fair play, or good form of manners, and don't be enured by your victory and mock your adversaries. Cricket is one of the great sports of the Government and English people have presented to us, and let us make the best of it. Learn, therefore, to control your temper in times of difficulty, have patience, and, when things are not going right, respect your adversaries and don't abuse them, and never dispute an umpire's decision, or show the audience by any sign that you are dissatisfied. When I started playing in Cambridge, my stumps were sacred heads or mes, and I was flogged at. Again the same happened the next season, and again I was flogged at. But at last I proved successful. The laugh has sometimes been on my side in the past, but I'll have it in no country in the world, but in Old England, let us make her noble example."

The men of the English cricket stands are here admirably expressed. Is it surprising that the game which the motherland has given to Australia, South Africa and India, the chief exponents in the latter two countries belonging to an alien race, has nothing like a firm hold in the greatest of her colonies.

The success of cricket in South Africa is due, in a large measure to one man, an enthusiast of wealth, Mr. Abe Bailey who has been the means of introducing many first-class professionals from England. But their activity is limited almost wholly to instruction. Of the team now visiting Australia all are native-born except Schwarz and Nourse, and the former went to South Africa when quite young. The second test match was won by Australia by the narrow margin of 89 runs. Australia's great victory in the first was due mainly to the magnificent display of that wonderful veteran, Clem Hill, who put together 191 runs, while Bardsley, the premier batsman of the last British tour scored 134.

The recent purchase by Murray Hendrie of Hamilton, a young member of the family which has done so much for horse-raising in Canada, of the Keaymont ranch near High River is an event of no little importance to Alberta.

This property was originally owned by big John McDougal, who pulled out in 1883. Later, Henry Smith got possession of it and having had The Keystone for his brand at his former home decided to make use of the same brand and to name his ranch The Keystone as well. Although the land has passed through several hands since Henry Smith's time the name he gave it has never been changed until now when it is to be rechristened and given the time-honoured and well-known name of The Valley Ranch in perpetuation of the farm by that name belonging to William Hendrie's estate, Hamilton, and owned formerly by William Hendrie, a conspicuous figure in the maddens and several times winner in Toronto of the King's plate.

Now that the Hendrie estate is being closed up, it is the desire of the family that the Valley farm or the name, at least, if not the original farm, may continue to be intimately connected with the Hendrie family. In consideration of this A. H. Elkford, of High River, feeling that this really beautiful ranch, so favored by nature

in its peaceful, picturesque surroundings and rich, productive soil, might be a worthy successor to the Old Valley farm at home, negotiated for the property and was successful in securing it for Murray Hendrie, a son of the late Mr. Hendrie, who will endeavor to make it a credit in every particular to the Hamilton farm his predecessor valued so highly.

If others, says the High River Times, would follow Mr. Hendrie's example, building not for the day alone, but for the future generations, it would give our country a position of permanency which at present is sadly lacking—for the feeling of here today and elsewhere tomorrow is not conducive to growth or stability either in the place itself or in friendships formed. In this western country where the greed for possession merely for financial gain, has taken so strong a hold on the people, it is indeed a great relief and even a comfort to discover that sentiment is not wholly a thing of the past with us.

To purchase land with the intention of using it to perpetuate an honorable name fully intending that it shall remain in one's family like old silver and family jewels—from generation to generation—is such a rare proceeding in the new west that it makes us stop for a moment in our mad rush, to consider that after all there is something else in life really worth while—and we sincerely wish Mr. Hendrie all possible satisfaction and success in his new undertaking which will be assured him if he makes the sense a creditable counterpart of the old Valley farm for which it is named.

(Continued on page eight)

THE CITY'S NEED OF OPEN SPACES.

(Continued from page three.)

Apart from the Central Park, which a wise municipal body secured in the middle of last century, New York has been none too well off, considering its great population. But it is making a splendid effort, in recent years, at enormous expense to undo the errors of the past. The Bronx, Van Cortlandt and Pelham Bay parks are vast reservations on the outskirts of the metropolis which will become great assets in the days to come. In addition, small squares of enormously valuable land are being set aside where the population is congested. Those might more easily have been secured in the early days. New York's experience in this connection should serve as a warning to us. Central Park, now in the heart of the city, and covering 840 acres, cost five million dollars. Within the last few years, three small areas not far away from it have been acquired for park and playground purposes. The three combined were only ten acres in extent and cost \$5,37,000, over two hundred thousand dollars more than the whole of Central Park.

A score of other American cities might be cited. Two are, however, particularly worthy of special mention, Cleveland and St. Louis, for the reason that there what is known as the group plan has been carried out. The principle of this is to so place new public buildings of architectural merit that their attractiveness will be enhanced by their surroundings and so that they may have their full effect in adding to the beauty and dignity of the city.

In Cleveland what is called a mall has been built out of a central part of the city on which there were previously a large number of poor buildings. This open space has been laid out along the most artistic lines and around it have been built the city hall, the county building, the public library and the post office. At the lower end is the Union depot, so that when the stranger steps into the city he sees it at its best. The advantage of having such a front entrance can easily be imagined. A very similar scheme has been worked out in St. Louis.

When Cleveland undertook this project, it acquired not only the land actually required for the mall and the buildings facing it, but a considerable section adjoining as well. By reason of the improvements made in the district, this jumped away up in value and the city reaped the benefit. It redispersed of what it did not want at such an advance in price that it was almost entirely recouped for its whole original outlay. This is a principle which was introduced by Haussmann in Paris. Under his administration, according to Albert Kelsey, "the movement achieved remarkable results and being in a position

to assume title to the improved areas, the increase in value was in a large measure preserved to the community and a clear demonstration given that such gigantic civic improvements, far from being costly luxuries, could be made paying investments."

It has been suggested that this idea should be applied in Edmonton in connection with the present market square. There is no reason why it should not prove thoroughly feasible if this were transformed into a central park, with a city hall, the post office and other buildings in keeping facing it, it would prove a source of the most genuine civic pride and an inestimable boon to the population in the years to come.

The preservation of this square for park purposes is the matter of greatest urgency before the people of Edmonton today. Other moves in accordance with the ideas advanced in

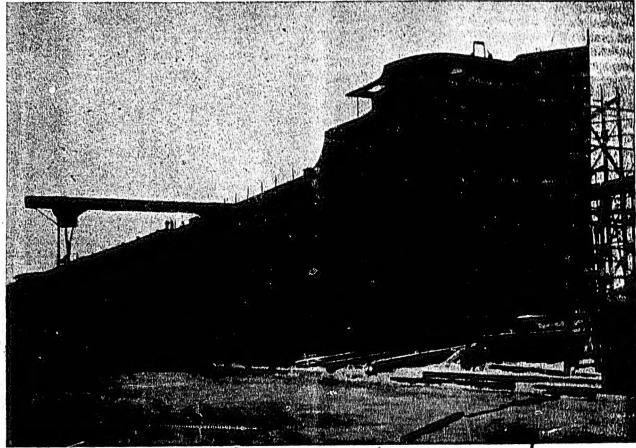
this paper would be the acquiring of small breathing spots here and there through the central parts of the city. A move has already been made towards acquiring the property on College Ave. between First and McDougall so that for these two blocks at least, the river view will not be obstructed. This transaction should be carried through without further delay, which is full of danger. Nor must the high school property be allowed to come into private hands.

The parks committee of the council has taken steps to purchase the present golf grounds. This beautiful river flat should certainly not be built over.

We deplore the fact that a driveway has not been maintained along the river bank, as has been done fortunately through Strathcona, but we still have the opportunity to secure this on each side of the city.

But what we need most of all at the present moment is competent advice. Let us learn all we can from the experience of the other cities of the continent. In building our hospital we did the right thing in bringing to our assistance the greatest authority on the subject in America. Would it not be wise to pursue a similar policy in formulating our park system?

We have a great chance still to make Edmonton one of the most beautiful cities of the New World. Looking at the matter purely from the standpoint of dollars and cents, is such a "bust," a word which? Every move that other municipalities have made along these lines has been repaid over and over again. In no way can we better show our faith in what the future holds for us. Let us try to prove worthy of our great destiny.



HUGE NEW LAKE FREIGHTER LAUNCHED.
The floating steamship "Emperor," launched at the docks of the Collingwood Shipbuilding Co. on Dec. 17.

CLASSY Printing

Many users of printing are possessed of the idea that poor printing will bring customers to their places of business as readily as the superior product of the printer's art. As a matter of fact you are often judged by the class of printed matter you use. Try this.

Saturday News 39 Howard Avenue, Edmonton.

Arrested Coughs

A cough or cold is arrested at once by

MATHIEU'S SYRUP
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

It not only relieves instantly; it cures the trouble, and puts the system in better shape to resist future attacks.

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Large bottle 85 cents, from all dealers.

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THE INVESTOR

In spite of the low thermometers, and oftentimes a bitter, biting wind, the past week has seen no slackening in that field which is of especial interest to the bona fide investor.

The recent purchase of the Hours-ton Estate and the transfer of the well known Tough Stock Farm with a view to their subdivision for residential purposes is significant, when considered in conjunction with other recent purchases of suburban property as indicating the trend of the growth of the city from a residential point of view.

The popularity and attractiveness of Jasper avenue continues to be the topic of the day in the investment world. The recent purchase of the 50 feet immediately west of the Merchants Bank for \$75,000.00 by Old Country Capital is a good sign and no one would regret if transactions of this nature were reported at the rate of half a dozen a day for some years to come. Mr. Englishman the immigrant may not always register 100 A.T. at Lloyd's, but Mr. Englishman the capitalist is Chairman of "The Company of Investors," and Canada in general and Edmonton in particular would like to see him not only stay here but strengthen his already strong position as well.

The sale of the present stand of the Union Bank which was reported the other day at \$1,000.00 per foot frontage is good news and is another indication that Jasper East is going to come strongly to the front as a business centre.

The sale of the present C. P. R. stand at \$75,000.00 is not only excellent for the city but shows clearly the rapidity with which property in this locality is rising. A week or two ago the C. P. R. purchased the two-story-block adjoining their present premises for \$70,000.00, and for it to be possible to sell the adjoining lot with smaller building at an advance of \$5,000.00 is to indicate the measure of confidence that exists in the city's main thoroughfare.

The southeast corner of Jasper and

Winnipeg has been disposed of at the rate of \$1,000.00 per foot frontage, or a total of \$105,000.00. When, some 18 months ago, the late owners acquired

this property for \$80,000.00, the "wise ones" were loud in their assertion that the purchasers had been stung, and stung badly. The present day silence of those wise ones is rather amusing—they earned their disowning; and no one pretends to sympathize with them.

The option which has been given on a 100 feet frontage on the south side of Jasper between Seventh and Eighth, at \$75.00 per foot, is of particular interest, indicating that the development of Jasper is not going to be confined to two or three blocks.

It is said that the Duke of Sutherland proposes to erect a home for himself, where he will spend a certain time each year, in the middle of the 1300 acre tract that he has purchased at Brooks. If he has any such idea, one would think that he would be more likely to carry it out on the property he has secured near Lake Wanham.

The Lethbridge Herald states that Y. S. Shepard, who had so spectacular a career in real estate in that part of the province some years ago, is paying off some of his creditors to the extent of twenty per cent. He was regarded as a wizard in the subdivision marketing business, but the financial stringency of 1907 hit him hard.

visited Western Canada. Mr. Dennis has a farm of 7000 acres in Lincolnshire, and the principles which he has followed there it is proposed to apply on the Alberta farm land purchased.

The announcement is made that the C. P. R. will complete its Moosejaw-Lacombe line this season. This must help Edmonton materially. It will give direct connection with St Paul, the Portal branch continuing the route. With through trains running over this, a large new territory will look to Edmonton as a trade centre, while it must necessitate a larger C. P. R. staff at the terminals here.

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A twenty-five foot lot on Hastings street, Vancouver was sold last week at the rate of \$400.00 per front foot.

The 25 by 125 lot between the Dominion and King George hotels on Ninth Avenue West in Calgary, sold this week for \$35,000. A few months ago it brought \$25,000.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

(Continued from Page Seven)

Sunday golf, which is in general vogue throughout America, has not met with much approval in Scotland. Although played in the neighborhood of the large towns, it is far from being such a popular recognized institution among the members as it is in England. It is impossible to say, however, that the movement in its favor is slowly spreading north of the Tweed. At present a conflict is taking place among the members of the Ranfurly Castle Club at

Bridge of Weir as to whether or not Sunday golf should be sanctioned by the club, no caddies being allowed.

At a recent meeting of members it was decided by 139 to 85 votes to sanction Sunday golf, but the opponents of the movement demanded a poll of the whole membership as to their sentiments on the subject, and this was taken. In a statement which has been issued reviewing the position of the club the minority pointed out that members joined the club with the knowledge that Sunday golf was prohibited, that the club is owner of the golf course, and that, therefore, each member is a part owner of the links. Increased responsibility, therefore, rests upon each member as a part owner of the course as to whether or not Sunday golf should be recognized by the club as a whole.

In a keen and delicate controversy of this kind, where a satisfactory compromise is scarcely possible due to achievement, there is a good deal to be said in favor of those members who assume the neutral attitude of saying that, while they do not wish and are never likely to play golf on Sunday themselves, they can see no valid reason why they should interfere with the liberty of others who hold as sincerely different opinions from their own.

All arrangements are well advanced for the provincial Curling Bonspiel which opens in Edmonton on Wednesday next. The total value of the prizes approaches \$2,000, and everything possible is being done to make the occasion one long to be remembered. All parts of the west will be represented.

But yesterday Athabasca Landing was at the outermost edge of the world, the name of a remote and inaccessible place, where the trapper set sail down the mighty river for the Great Slave Lake and the Arctic Ocean. There is still no railway to the Landing, though steel is not so many miles away, but a strong club flourishes there, and it has material for six rinks. Progress and prosperity are associated with sport in the development of a community in Canada—Toronto Globe.

Since DeCoteau carried off the Hurd road race at Calgary on Christmas Day in record time, the feeling has grown stronger that he should have the opportunity of showing what he can do when up against the fastest men in the country. Few better runners have developed in Canadian athletic history. This is the opinion of many who undoubtedly know what they are talking about.

The local hockey leagues are furnishing a first class sample of the game. In the Alberta League district, the Deacons, Varsity and Strathcona are putting up a strong fight for first honors. On Friday of this week the Deacons play Varsity, and on Monday they meet Strathcona in the city on the south bank.

STARTS THE NEW YEAR A NEW MAN

Quebec Farmer Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills Did For Him.

They fixed up his kidneys, made his blood pure, and made him feel young all over.

Franklin, Centre, Que., Jan. 9.—(Special) The only way to start the New Year right is get the health right, and Mr. William Gamble, a well known farmer living near here is telling his neighbors how he got his health right.

"I am a farmer sixty-seven years of age," Mr. Gamble says, "And I suffered with a weak back and stoppage of water off and on for ten years. I used several boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they made a new man of me. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best medicine I have ever taken."

Dodd's Kidney Pills will make a new man of you because they make the kidneys strong and healthy and able to do their work of straining all the impurities out of the blood. Pure blood means new life. It means good circulation and renewed strength and energy all over the body.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all forms of Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease, and they are also doing a great work by giving renewed health and energy to thousands of Indians who are run-down, tired and generally feeling no good for

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is a complete Farm and House Furnishing Establishment. Almost everything in home wants may be had. Graniteware in every variety of shape and tint. A wonderful No. 9 Cooking Stove with extra strong cast iron parts. A No. 7 sells at \$1.75.
A No. 5 sells at \$1.00.
A No. 13 sells at \$1.75.
Full size Iron Bed with brass knobs only \$1.75.
A beautiful Art Design Health Mattress \$1.75.
An Upright American Organ, just as good as new, cost \$125.00; will sell for \$60.00.
A strong full size spring of excellent workmanship, braced in every part, \$1.75.
Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for \$1.75.
Wash Stand for \$1.75.
All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at \$2.00.
Flannel Sheets \$2.00.
Bulky Seats, Tar Paper \$2.00.
Toilet Seats \$2.00.
Horse Rugs from \$3.00.
Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes \$3.00.

The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great success. There are thousands of things at the Exchange that cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call up 1332.



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anything. Start the new year by toning up the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. It will pay you.

KATHLEEN PARLOW.
The Brilliant Canadian (Calgary) Violinist.

The very many admirers of Miss Kathleen Parlow, the brilliant Canadian Violinist, will be delighted to hear that she has had extraordinary successes on the Continent. She recently played at the Kurhaus at Scheveningen and although on this occasion the prices of the seats were doubled the place was packed and Miss Parlow's success was enormous. She

played recently in Norway where the press have acclaimed her as being one of the greatest artists that ever visited their country. After the termination of her Norwegian Tour, Miss Parlow returned to Holland for a tour of fifteen towns prior to sailing for a short tour in the United States and Canada.

This most talented native of Calgary will undoubtedly have an enormous attendance at her Calgary concert.

Mr. Geo. H. Suckling has been fortunate in securing one date for Miss Parlow in Edmonton the last week in February.

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